audilino Office

Electric Light Flour

Makes the Best Bread

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

SURPLUS, \$20,000.

TIRST MATIONAL SANK,

CHAS. MERTS, Vice Pres't.

DIRECTORS,

R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.

OF RAVENNA, OHIO.

N, D. CLARK, President.

DEMOCRATIC

Vol. 23, No. 31.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1891.

WHOLE No. 1177.

RAVENNA ROLLER MILLS

WOOD & NOONEY Proprietors. MANUPACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN Best Brands of Roller Flour

ALL KINDS OF FEED.

Delivered to any part of the City

Try our " DAISY" Brand of Flonr

that caused him to dash wildly for-

I pulled the trigger, heard the ex-plosion, and— Woke up in reality, to find my part-

"A pretty thing," he said, "if we'd a done what you wanted and watched alone! Here you've been sleepin' half the night. A pretty one to watch you are, ain't you?" I stared at him a moment and then.

without a word went to the window.

N. D. Clark, E. R. Crowell, H. L. Hine, Chas. Merts, Orrin Stevens.

Your business is solicited.

SECOND MATIONAL SANK, RAVENNA, OHIO.

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$150,000 In U.S. Bonds. U. S. Bonds of all kinds bough

and sold, and exchanged at cur-

rent market rates. U. S. COUPON FOUR PER CENT Bonds on hand for immediate

delivery. D. C. COOLMAN, President. W. HOLCOMB, Vice Pres't.

WM. H. BEEBE, Cashier.

Business Cards.

R. S. WRES. JOHN PORTER, Parrettsville, O. Blackstone Block, Ravenns WEBB & PORTER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

BLACKSTONE BLOCK. RAVENNA, O.

J. H. NICHOLS. attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, ever Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio. DUSSEL & ROGERS TTORNEYS AT LAW and Notaries Public. Counsel in English and German mision business and foreign correspondence licited. Agency for reliable Steamship lines lice over Flath's Clothing Store, Rayenna, O

S. F. HANSELMAN, SIDDALL & DOUTHITT, Attorneys at Law.
Office in Phenix Block, RAVENNA, O

J. W. HOLCOMB,

HARRY L. BEATTY, TTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC A Office, Room 18, Biddle Block,

E. Y. LACEY, A TTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC and Solicitor of Pensions, Office with



TIME TABLE, Adopted Nov.1, 1890.

Prains depart from Ravenna as follows: Local Freight.... New York Express (daily)... N, Y., Ex-No. 5, Vestibule 834 a. m. No. 57, Way (except Sunday) 401 p. m. No. 3, Cin. 8t. Louis & Chicago Ex. (Dally).

Nos. 8, 12. 4, 1, 5 and 8 run daily, and run via Youngstown.

Nos. 88, 38, 42, 1, 15 and 37 stop at Windbam.

WE RINEARSON,
G. P. A., New York.

D. I. ROBERTS.

W. D. MASON,
A. G. P. A., Chicago. Div. P. Ag't, Youngstown
JNO. E SHARP, g't, Rayenna

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.

o, 118, Local Freight.
36, Eastern Express
38, Atlantic Ex.
6, Alliance Accommodation.
42, Fast Line
8, Ravenna Accommodation. Ron Daily. | Daily Except Sunday. ets. baggage checks, and any further informa W. D. ARMSTCONG, Ag't. Ravenna, O.

The PITTSBURG & WESTERN Ry. Co. TIME TABLE. Central Standard Time.
Taking Effect Nov 21, 1890.

MAIN LINE

XAMINATIONS will be held, commencing

the THIRD SATURDAY in October, November February and April. The examination on the THIRD SATURDAY in February will be held at Garrettsville; that on the THIRD SATURDAY in April, at Kent. All others will be held at the High School Build-

d at 9 o'clock a. m. and closing at 4 p. m.

No certificate will be ante-dated Any applicant, known to cheat, will be rected for six months. O. F. HAYMAKER, Clerk,

TRUSSES- The Druggia

ARE * YOU * IN * IT?

PRESENTS * OF * SILVERWARE!

To any person making cash purchases amounting to \$25.00, (Sugars in quantities excepted) we will present an elegant piece of Silverware. This is no lottery, nor are the goods of the "snide" order. Every piece of our ware is plated with pure silver. We are willing to reduce our profits to this extent, in order to show appreciation of our present cash customers, and as an inducement to others to trade with us, who are unacquainted with the superior quality of every article we handle.

The plan is simple: Every cash purchase you make, from when the full amount of the card, \$25.00, is reached, you have your choice of three different useful and beautiful articles in the line of first class Silverware. You may purchase the full amount of your card at once, or in small sum just as you wish. In either case, YOU ARE SURE OF YOUR PRESENT.

The Silverware can be seen at any time, and we now invite the general public to call and inspect these articles, and receive a card. The card will cost you nothing, nor will our prices be raised to cover the cost of and out; and be you rich or poor, it makes no difference with us.

MAIN STREET.

WE ARE STILL PAYING

In goods one hundred cents on the dollar, for every dollar you leave at our store. Don't forget this. You can't afford to.—Our stock was never more complete than now in the way of Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery Toilet and Fancy Goods, Brushes of all kinds, Paints and Oils, Cigars-in fact, anything and everything in our line of business .--- Anything not in stock we will gladly get on short notice. - We make a specialty of Trusses, Supporters and Shoulder Braces, and will guarantee satisfaction

HART, The Druggist,

Opera Block.iRavenna.

F. C. PARK,



Clocks, Gold Pens, Musical Instruments, &c

OPTICAL GOODS. COME AND SEE US!

GOODS and PRICES WILL PLEASE YOU

No. 2, Riddle Block,

Ravenna, O.

W. W. MONSEY HAS JUST RECEIVED A COMPLETE AND

Consisting of Foreign and Domestic Suitings in CHEVIOTS, THIBETS, CLAYS AND BERGES.

GENTLEMEN

Also, fine line of PANTALOONINGS

YOUR SPRING SUITS

W. W. MONSEY=

No. 2, RIDDLE BLOCK.

You make a Mistake.

F YOU PURCHASE ANY

FRAMES, EASELS, TOILET CASES, FANCY GOODS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

STATIONERY, &c., Without seeing us.——We show you the largest line of these Goods in the city, and we guarantee you cannot find Lower Prices ANYWHERE,—Call early, and make your Holiday

J. H. OAKLEY

NO. 4 OPERA BLOCK,

RAVENNA, OHIO.

CURTAINS, FURNISHINGS

March, 1891, finds us better than ever before prepared for the early Spring trade. Our two capacious floors are filled with the latest and best products of the loom, and we are prepared to give our customers all the advantages, in selection and purchase, to be had five cents upward, will be marked on a card by punching out the figures, and in the more pretentious city house, with expense advantages largely in our favor in ruling prices on like qualities of goods.

We need hardly again allude to the adthe gift. We don't do business that way. The Silverware 'is a present, out Vantages, as an exclusive Carpet House, we are enabled to offer, in meeting divers tastes, and specific requirements entering into the purchase of a Carpet, relative to the essentials of beauty and utility, in which your choice is not confined to the meager offerings of the "side show" attractions afforded by the average dabbler.

> Long familiarity with the products of reliable houses, enables us to place our orders only with such, preferring to give our patrons goods of intrinsic value, rather than indulge in the deceptive blazonry of "glittering generalties" born of Shoddy, as a means of "attracting" customers.

It is our purpose to make all friendships denness of the discovery seemed to have completely unnerved me, who formed through business intercourse, lasting was so vaunting and fearless, and I truly acknowledged that my fearlessness was the result of faith in my seones, and having once secured your patronage, to retain it, believing that success and square toed integrity are not necessarily strangers in the successful prosecution of business—a fact of pleasing significance, in contemplative retof pleasing significance, in contemplative retrospect of the friendships commemorative of pleasant and confidential relations with our patrons.

not necessarily an exceptional standing, but was an understood and uncontradicted only a determination to exercise the plain and fact that they were soon to be united; and, indeed, they seemed well matched in every respect. homely methods of honorable dealing, characteristic in the makeup of the man desirous of "a good name rather than great riches."

Our recent purchases embrace the latest in artistic achievement of designs and colorings. We are confident of your recognition of the advantages we offer, on an inspection of our stock—for which purpose the latchstring of welcome is always out—which embraces Moquettes Velvets Rody and Tapestry

parture she was laid beneath the sod. Of course many rumors were set afloat by people who knew nothing whatever of either party to account for Stafford's abrupt departure. Some said he was already married, and the General had discovered the fact; others, that he was a swindler; still others, that he had quarreled with the testy old General on politics (they were well known to differ), and had been kicked out of the house; but whether any of these charges were true, or what really was the truth, nobody knew, for the General's family kept very quiet about the affair, and we never heard a word concerning Walter Stafford.

Great, indeed, was the grief throughbraces Moquettes, Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels, and Ingrain Carpets; Art Squares; Wilton Daghestan, Smyrna and Tapestry Rugs; Hassocks; China Mattings, Japanese Embroidered Mattings, Japanese Embroidered Rugs -you should see them, they are beauties. Large and elegant line of Lace Curtains, in Irish Points, Swiss Tambours, Brusselis, Nottinghams and Muslins. Chenile Portiers. Madras and China Silks for Sash Curtains. Curtain Loops, Chains and Shade Pulls. Curtain Poles, Shade and Shade Fixtures. Curtain I proposed to Tom to watch alternately, I one night and he the next, instead of both together as we had Pole Sockets. Sash Rods, and Brackets.

Tapestry, Ramie, Jrate Goods and Plushes for Upholstering, Rug and Upholstery Fringes Gimps and Gimp Tac's for Upholstery, Carpet Bindings, Oil Cloth Jaindings, Felt and Sewed Linings for Carpets, &c., &c.

In conclusion, we promise you our best efforts in suddenly I stumbled over a mound increase. making your visits alike pleasant and profitable, and shall always have our house in order for callers, whether for inspection or purchase.

In an instant the men had seen me and, jumping from the grave before I could rise, I was seized, dragged forward, and the light of the dark-lantern was turned aron me

A. T. SMITH.

A Girl I Used to Know. Yes, it's a form I used to know, a face I used

LOVE AND MYSTERY.

A reflection of light flashed for an instant across my eyes, and I awoke with a start. Great heavens! I had been sleeping. My lamp was out and the room quite dark. Whence, then, the light that had aroused me? the light that had aroused me?

Full of fearful apprehensions and misgivings, and cursing my weakness in giving way to the allurements of Morpheus, I groped my way to the window. The night had grown perfectly black, and the moon was completely hidden by masses of thick clouds; and with a feeling of great relief, I plainly saw my light burning upon the grave.

upon the grave.

I was about turning to relight my room-lamp when the sudden flashing of a dark-lantern arrested me—doubtless the same light whose previous re-flection had awakened me. A feeling of dread, that I could not conquer stole over my frame, as, peering into the darkness, I discovered that though the darkness, I discovered that though my light was burning, it was not upon the grave upon which I had placed it; but, as near as I could judge, four or five yards distant; and then, my eyes becoming used to the gloom, I saw ligures in the cemetery, busy in accomplishing the very thing I was watching to prevent, and I bitterly repented the folly with which I had decided to watch alone. watch aloue.

But there was no time to be lost in

foolish thoughts or vain regrets, action, and immediate action, was called for; but I felt myself miserably incompe-tent to make it. The startling sudsomething must be done; and resolv-ing to do that something, without, however, having the remotest idea what it was to be, I softly crept down stairs and out into the cemetery.

General Laing's daughter had been

civil engineer named Walter Stafford, a manly, handsome fellow, who came to our town about a year previous on railroad business, and had afterwards ons.

In alluding to the foregoing, we claim

The state of the foregoing of the foregoing of the state of the

in every respect.

One morning, without any previous announcement, and to the asionishment of the whole town, young Staf-ford left our place and did not come back, and the General's beautiful daughter grew pale and wan, and in one short month after his sudden departure she was laid beneath the sod.

Great, indeed, was the grief through-out the town when it became known that Miss Delia was dead, for she was beloved by all, high and low, and though always in delicate health, her early decease was at once connected with Stafford's disappearance. The lamentations up at the house, no

pen can describe.

The General insisted that she should be buried in an elegant wedding dress, and a gorgeous diamond set, which no one had seen before, he placed himself upon his daughter's corpse, whispering, as he did so, "My wedding gift, child."

Folks said that the loss had crazed Folks said that the loss had crazed

him; but crazed or not, this he did; and Tom Biggles and myself were enand Tom Biggles and myself were engaged to watch the grave until the monument he designed to raise was finished and placed over the sod.

Feeling confident that in our quiet place nobody would disturb the grave, and having a great confidence in my own bravery and resources, if they did. agreed.

The result of this double-dealing you

know.

No wonder, then, that the knowledge of my wrong-doing added to the feeling of fear that possessed me; and no wonder that my fear and dread were redoubled when I saw, upon coming into the cemetery, that three men were at the grave and that they had already made considerable progress in excevation.

The night wind blowing freshly through the trees chilled me to the bone. I felt as if I were paralyzed. I made a desperate effort to cry aloud, but found myself unable to do so. I

was turned apon me.

A man who had been sitting upon a

stone away from the others came quick-ly forward; I glanned up, and recognized him with eyes and tongue at the

Yes, it was Stafford, but so changed from the handsome, dashing fellow he formerly was, as to be barely recognizable; wan and hollow-eyed, with strange, searching look that added t my already overwhelming fright.
"You know me," he muttered, "Who

Stafford turned to the men and said Go on with your work, and make

The men took up their spades and resumed their work upon the grave. Stafford motioned me to sit down, and laid himself upon the grass opposite to me. Thus we remained—I know not how long—it seemed an age to me. I was thinking what I should say to him, and finally I mustered up courage to speak.

courage to speak.
"Mr. Stafford," I said, and he started and looked up.
"Well?" he answered, after ment's silence.

"You are getting me into an awful scrape, Mr. Stafford." He did not answer for some mo-He did not answer for some moments, and I was just about to speak again, when he said suddenly, "Look here, Kenton; you keep quiet and all will be right. We'll leave this place as we found it; and unless you speak no one will know the grave was touched; so if you get into a scrape you will walk in with your eyes open."

"But suppose, Mr. Stafford, it should somehow be discovered that the diamonds are gone—what then?"

monds are gone—what then?"
"Diamonds?" he said quickly. "What

Why, I thought you were after As soon as I had spoken the words I saw that I had done wrong. He jumped toward me as if he would have killed me with a blow, and grasping my throat fiercely, he demanded: "What do you meen man? What diamends?"

do you mean, man? What diamonds? Releasing me as suddenly as he had taken hold, he asked coolly: "Do you mean that there are diamonds on that

"Yes," I replied, "the General purchased a diamond set, and—"

He turned quickly, called one of the men, and said to him: "Keep your work to him?" eye on this man; if he moves knock him down," and strode rapidly off to

I saw that he gave the men some directions, but I could not hear what they were. I heard, however, the scraping of the spades on the coffin, and I knew their work was nearly accomplished.

They needed the assistance of the man who was guarding me, and he took me to the grave with him. The coffin was quickly hoisted up with ropes and landed by the side of the "Go you to the wagon till I whistle," said Stafford. "Kenton is used to this

thing and shall help me."

The men withdrew, and Stafford, handing me the tools bade me unscrew the coffin-lid. I was about to refuse regardless of consequences but the against my will to do his bidding. I commenced the work, and Stafford stooping close to me said: "Kenton your own safety compels your silence oncerning what you've discovered toight. I did not know there was any one watching; I did not know there were any diamonds. Go on with your work; don't stop. This coffin contains my wife—my wife, Kenton; and her father knows it, and buries her, shuts her in the ground leaving me to discover it as I can. I swore that not even death should part us, and I'll keep my oath. She's mine spite of law, spite of malice and prejudice—she's mine, and I claim my own."

The lid, was a recovered and I reco

The lid was uncovered and I rose rom the ground.
"Stay here, Kenton," he said, and tooped to lift the lid from the coffin. For an instant it flashed through my mind to push him over into the grave, escape and give the alarm, but I had not the heart to do it, and besides, I thought it would then become known

that there was but one watcher. He removed the lid and there lay the eneral's daughter, as I saw her on he day of the funeral, as natural as he were but sleeping. He raised the corpse from the coffin,

and throwing his arms around it he pressed it closely to him, swaying to "Oh, my dear one, my life, my soul!" he said, "is it thus we meet again?" and he sobbed aloud, and I myself felt

like joining him.

He quickly recovered himself, however, and slowly rested the body back into the casket. As he did so he no-ticed a paper, and bringing the light toward it he called me to him, and said, eagerly:
"Look, Kenton!. See; I told you

the was my wife—our certificate!"

It was a certificate of their marriage.

'Now, Kenton, you have seen with your own eyes—you know—and should you hear her fair fame maligned, brand the speakers as liars, Kenton—liars. But I forgot you are forced to keep quiet, and Delia, my dear one, must go unrighted. But enough. Look here, Kenton; I claim my own, noth-ing more. Here—see these diamonds. He carefully removed them, kissing the cold clay again and again as he did so, and laid them in the coffin. The certificate he put in his pocket, and then he raised the body and laid it upon the ground.
"Now," he said, "screw on the lid

quickly, and I'll call the men to fill the came back, leading a horse and wa-gonette, which they left standing at He motioned them to fill the grave

and taking up the body, he carried it himself and laid it in the wagonette, and called me to him. "I'm going, Kenton," he said. may be able one of these days to open-ly avow to-night's work; in that case you shall not suffer; and if you are sient and discreet you shall be reward-

ed. Farewell?"
"But, Mr. Stafford," I said, "But, Mr. Stafford," I said, "you mustn't go till everything is right again. Suppose these men refuse to work after you are gone, what then? "What men?" he asked. "I see no

Startled at his words and look, I turned around and saw with astonish ment that the men had gone-no trace of them was visible. I was frantic with alarm, and the very urgency of my position gave me courage.
"What does this mean, Mr. Stafford?" I cried. "What trick is this? You must come and fill the grave."

"Nonsense, man!" he answered.
"Don't be foolish; I'm late now," and

fer greatly in spots and color from those which grow slowly and thrive badly, and a middle-aged trout differs in color from an aged trout. Speakhe took the reins to start the horse.

I sprang to the horse's head and grasped the bridle.

"You shall not leave, Mr. Stafford, until you replace everything as it was. You promised to do so and you must."

He jumped up in the seat, fire fairly flashing from his eyes.

"Fool!" he shouted; "out of the way or your body shall fill the grave;" and he struck at me with the whip.

Then suddenly I remembered my pistol and thought what a fool I had been to forget it so long. I drew it out.

"If you move, Mr. Stafford, I fire."

He struck the horse a terrible blow

The took the reins to start the horse.

badly, and a middle-aged trout differs in color from an aged trout. Speaking generally, the young, healthy fasting growing fish will have silvery sides, white belly and plenty of well-defined spots. The poorly fed fish will have few or no spots, a drab belly and muddy-yellow sides. The old trout will be much the same in appearance, only more so, and will be particularly lank and large-headed. This accounts for those trout which have access to salt water being brighter and more beautiful than those which do not. The variety and abundance of their food make them so.—An rican Angler.

The grave was undisturbed. I rubbed my eyes. Yes, all was right—poor Delia lay sleeping peacefully.

"What time is it, Tom?" I asked.

"Just struck 6. Go to breakfast."

TWO DIMPLES FOR 10 CENTS.

Purchase in Nassau Street. A young Brooklyn benedict saun-tered down Nassau street several months ago in a reverie, says the N. Y. Sun. He was thinking of his home across the bridge. An interesting event was soon to happen there, and he was on his way to a fruit store to buy some dainties for his young wife. His face beamed with happy anticipation of the thanks of the little woman who awaited his return. He mushed

tion of the thanks of the little woman who awaited his return. He pushed through the crowd of pedestrians without heeding anything or having the train of pleasant fancies diverted until he passed a young Italian image-peddler. The Italian's stock of plaster work was displayed in a high doorway out of the way of the busy throng. The sunbeam lighted up the statuettes. The benedict looked down at them, walked on a few steps then turned The benedict looked down at them, walked on a few steps, then turned back. Two tiny busts had attracted his attention. One represented a boy crying, with his cap pulled away over his right eye. The other was a dimpled-cheek girl laughing. They captivated the young benedict's fancy.

"How much are they?" he asked the Italian.

Italian. 'Tena centa," replied the peddler,

"All right. I'll take 'em," the Brooklynite said, and when the peddler had wrapped them in an old newspaper he tucked them in his overgest peaks and continued on his way. newspaper he tucked them in his overcoat pocket and continued on his way
to the fruit store. He hid the images
when he got home, and without his
wife's knowledge placed them upon
the mantel in the dining room, where
she would see them the first thing in
the morning. "It will be a little surprise," he thought. The plan worked
to perfection. The mistress of the
household gave a little cry of delight
as she caught sight of the girl's head.
"What pretty dimples," she said,
when the young benedict came down
to breakfast.

"Yes, rather pretty for the price. I thought you'd like 'em," the husband replied.

In two months' time the happy event that the household had been looking forward to anxiously had happened. A good-natured girl baby had come to further distract the benedict's mind from the dry details of busine had weeks before forgotten the trifling purchase from the humble Nassau

purchase from the humble Nassau street art purveyor.

A week later the healthy infant looked up at the ceiling and smiled. Her fat cheeks creased into two unmistakable dimples. The benedict laughed. He was immensely tickled. The dimples looked as pretty as could be, and he was proud of the fact.

'But where on earth did the dimples "But where on earth did the dimples come from?" he said. "There haven't

een any in our families." "A happy whim of nature, I sup-pose," said the young mother, and she kissed each dimple several times. The benedict went down to dinner alone half an hour later. His eyes chanced to scan the mantel and rested on the 5-cent bust of the laughing girl.
"By George!" he fairly shouted,
"there are those dimples now—the

best investment of a dime I ever It was another illustration of the whims of nature. The dimples had captivated the young wife. She saw them daily. They had made a lasting and pleasing impression upon her mind, and, as often happens, what the mother most admired had been reproduced in her child. duced in her child.

very ones. Well, I call that about the

"It's lucky it wasn't a boy," said the benedict philosophically. "It might have been a crier of the worst description."

"Laying On of Hands."

My friend, the agent of a Buffalo wall-paper house, was "taking on" with a headache in the waiting room of the big depot in Philadelphia, when a slick-looking stranger about 25 years of age sat down beside us and asked: "Is the ache mostly over your eyes or in the back of your head?" "It's all over my head," groaned the

Exactly. Proceeds from a nervous state of the system. Ah! your pulse is away up. Let me see your tongue. I thought so; a cold current of air has chilled the nerves along the spine, and a smashing headache is the result." "Are you's physician?" I asked.
"Well, no, not in the ordinary sense

am called a professor. Some call ne a fakir, even. I effect cures by what is called laying on of hands. You are skeptical, of course; but I'll agree to cure your friend here in ten minutes or forfeit \$50." "For heaven's sake

groaned Tom. 'If you can cure me in an hour I'll give you ten dollars!' We went down into the baggage department, where the performance wouldn't attract so much attention, and the fellow began passing his hands over Tom's head and face, and also rubbing his hands. He hadn't worked a minute before Tom said he felt bet-ter, and in ten minutes the headache

was entirely gone.

"Now, don't offer to pay me or I shall be offended," he said, as he stopped work, "and you'd better sit quiet right where you are for about ten minute Close your eyes, thus, and lean back a little more, so."

He bowed himself out in a graceful way, and had been gone fifteen minutes when Tom carefully arose, opened

his eyes, and suddenly called out:
"Robbed, by thunder!" The fakir got \$90 in cash, a railroad ticket to Washington, and a diamond pin worth \$125, and the police haven't nabbed him to this day.—N. Y. Sun.

How a Trout Gets His Color. on the color of the bottom of the river, but the trout which grow rapidly dif-